THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Again We Welcome The Poets

Readers of the Column Are to Receive Information Regarding the Shortage in Blue, and List to the literature. Plaintive Pipe of the Whippoorwill.

ERHAPS it was the desire to bewas because they were touched by the recent pathetic plea of the Conductor for poetical contributions. Anyway, the poets are mailing another

onward rush. We publish today two effusions. They were unalaned, so we may express our-selves freely concerning them. The first is in the nature of an epic. We are glad to know why blue is scarce today, but we never thought of blaming

Prussianism for it.

The second poem is sweetly bucolic. We rather like the idea of an apole-getic withpoorwill, however. Any other poets desiring everlasting fame will be gladly welcomed.

Prussian Blue. A tale I'd tell of a soldier lad and his lady, far from true;
And it tries to point a moral, as all proper verse should do.

The scene was laid in Prussia, the time quite far away (It wouldn't do to have the date too near the present day). The youth's name was Adolphus, the maiden's was Hortense. He rashly vowed he loved her in the very highest sense. She was the village belle, of course, and he the village beau; Some broken hearts developed when she ordered her trousseau. The wedding day at last was set. Festivities waxed gay.

Then came a troop of soldiery from Russia 'cross tre way.

Their captain was a dashing blade, so flerce, so proudly grand,
And he could conquer female hearts with one audacious hand.
Hortense became affected, while the captain, from the start,
Admitted that she was the maid who won his fickle heart.
One night they fled together, with the wedding clothes, of course,
And before they got to Russia—why, they nearly killed their horse.
And no one ever heard a word about Hortense's fate.
Though young Adolphus mourned her loss with vigor hard to state.

Through four long months he moped about in chronic fits of blues.

At last his skin began to turn. It even reached his shoes.

His hair, once frankly sandy, now became a navy shade,
His face looked like a chromo with no
prospect of a fade,
Then the town wiseacres murmured:
"Hum! We see a Prussian blue,"
And that legend and that color last
these many years through.

The Whippoorwill. sunset fades to solemn gray all the air is sweet with June, within a shady tree bilthely try a little tune.

What matter though 'tis far from I know my melody is shrill.

I try to be a singer, though
My only words are "Whip-poor-will."

Perhaps sometime, if I but try
I'll really learn my little tune
80 folks will say "how well he sings!"
When all the world is sweet with June THE CONDUCTOR.

The William P. Frye.

I saw her first abreast the Boston Light At anchor; she had just come in, turn-ed head. And sent her hawsers creaking, clatter-ing down. I was so near to where the hawse pipes fed
The cable out from her careening bow.
I moved up on the swell, shut steam,
and lay Hove to in my old launch to look at her.
She'd come in light, a-skimming up
the bay Like a white ghost, with topsails belly and all her noble lines from bow to Made music in the mind; it seemed she

The morning air like those thin clouds that turn
Into tall ships when sunrise lifts the clouds From calm sea courses.

There, in smoke-smudged coats, Lay funneled liners, dirty fishing craft, Blunt cargo luggers, tugs, and ferry-Oh, it was good in that black-scuttled To see the Frye come lording on her Like some old queen that we had half Come to her own. A little up the bay
The fort lay green, for it was springtime then;

They caught her in a South Atlantic Becaimed, and found her hold brimmed up with wheat;
"Wheat's contraband," they said, and
blew her hull
To pieces, murdered one of our stanch

Past dwindling, of the big old sailing That carried trade for us on the high

And warped out of each harbor in the It wasn't law, so it seems strange to A big mistake. Her keel's struck bot-

And her four masts sunk fathoms, fathoms deep
To Davy Jones. The dank seaweed
will root
On her cozed decks, and the cross-Through the set sails, but never, never

Her crew will stand away to brace and trim.

Nor sea-blown petrels meet her thresh-To windward on the Gulf stream's stormy rim; Never again she'll head a no'theast

Or, like a spirit, loom up, sliding dumb. And ride in safe beyond the Boston Light

To make the harbor glad because she's JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER.

Stories Of Stories

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

"By Israel Zangwill.

OM PETER and Edward G. Rex-dal shared a suite of rooms in the (more or less) select London lodging house of Mrs. Seacon.
Peters was a frowsy Bohemian who picked up some sort of living by hack

Roxdal was a scrupulously neat and prosperous looking personage, and was manager of the City and Suburban,

The two were scarce the sort who might have been expected to form a friendship for each other. But they seemed to get on very well together; perhaps because they were so seldom at iome at the same time.

Their work hours were different. Ho

Their work hours were different. He were their hours for amusement.
Roxdal was engaged to Clara Newell, an heiress. Peters was better contented to fiirt with Pelly, Mrs. Sencon's pretty chambermaid.
Tom and Miss Newell had never met, and the severely responsible Roxdal was above firting with chambermaids. One day Roxdal disappeared. So did all the City and Suburban Bank's available funds. During the search for the missing man Clara and Peters were thrown often into each other's society.

Poters at once fell in love with his lost chum's sweetheart. But as time went on and Rozdal did not reappear, she gradually began to return Tom's

she gradually began to return Tom's love.

At last they became engaged. The date for their wedding was set.

Then one night Chara dreamed a strange and weird dream. She dreamed that Everard Roxdal appeared before her, his clothes dripping, and told her that Tom Peters had killed him, stolen call his money, and thrown his body in the Thames river.

The frightened girl was so impressed by this weird vision that she went straight to the police with her story. Infected by her carnestness, the police began to make inquiries about Peters. Then in Tom's absence from home, they raided his suite of rooms.

There they found the great sheaf of paper money stelen from the City and Suburban Bank.

The river was dragged. And a body—almost unrecognizable, yet answering to the description of Roxdal's—was recovered.

to the description of Roxdal's—was recovered.

Peters was arrested, put on trial, and
convicted of Roxdal's murder.

In due time he was hanged.

After his death the following signed
confession was found among his effects.

"I have been hanged for my own
murder. I am Everard G. Roxdal, I
am also Tom Peters. We two are one."

The confession went on to say that
Roxdal, as a young man, had amused
himself by studying disguises and by
learning to enact a duel role.

When he had been appointed manager of the City and Suburban Bank,
it had occurred to him to make use of
this gift to rob the bank in perfect
safety.

So he "invented" Tom Peters.

The two supposed lodgers were never
seen together at Mrs. Seagon's.

Yet, so cleverly had Roxdal impersonated Peters that no one suspected
the two were one.

Eventually Roxdal had robbed the

sonated Peters that no one suspected the two were one.

Eventually Roxdal had robbed the bank and had become Tom Peters exclusively.

"I made none of the usual slips." continued the confession. "But no man can guard against a girl's nightmare.

"I might have told the judge he was an ass. But then I should have had penal servitude for bank robery.

"And that is worse than death.

"The only thing that puzzles me is—whether the law has committed murder or I suicide."

And the point is one that may arouse juries—amateur as well as professional—to discuss. In any case Roxdal is

to discuss. In any case Roxdal is probably the only man in the world's history to be convicted and hanged for his own murder.

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Your Daughter's Confidence. The best way to shut a girl's mouth, when she comes to you with confidences about her lover, is to show that you are disturbed or offended by what she tells, says a writer in Farm and Home.

The very fact that she has told you is a thing to give thanks to God for, for it gives you a notion of what you must prepare to combat. If you object to what she has told you, convey your objections indirectly, make her condemn herself or him from her own mouth, call her own common sense into play, teach her to think for herself in this, as in other matters.

A hasty outbreak may cost you her confidence forever and a day. Patience and tact, and tender, everlasting love will do for you and her what no amount of storming and force could do. about her lover, is to show that you are

Ostrich Plumes Are to Regain Prestige as Valued Heirlooms

After Several Years of Social Disfavor, the Plume Industry Is to Flourish Once More-The More Advanced Milliners Have Said So.

As a Propitiatory Measure, Designed to Soothe the Wounded Feelings of the Bird, the Feathers Are to Remain Ouite Uncurled.

T last the ostrich is A avenged.

For three lean years he has sprouted his plumes in vain. No one thought enough of them to even give a friendly yank. He was considered a useless member of society, in fact.

Now he may withdraw his head from the sand pile where he buried his bitterness. Once more he is to become the darling of fashion.

The principal heirloom in many a family used to be a black silk dress and one plume, either white or black. During these three lonesome years the plume has lost its prestige in the pro-bate court. Now it is to be restored to full favor.

Plumes Again in Style.

To be brief, the ostrich plume is in style once more, not the paradoxical willow plume, heaven be praised, but the variety more nearly approximating the home grown product.

In order that the effect may be more strictly au naturel, the flues are not even curled. At least, that is the cheering news that some of the more advanced milliners have whispered.

Of course, it is much simpler to uncurl an ostrich plume than to curl it. Perhaps the most effective way is to wait for a rainy day and wave it to and fro



copyright, Underwood & Underwood, Of White Straw and Uncurled Plumes.

in the dampness. The plume will then have a dejected appearance that defies the hand of the home milliner. In view of this discouraging possibility, it might be just as well to let well enough alone and take the an-cestral plume to a plume spe-

Very Thing for Trimming. When a midsummer hat is to be planned, the reconstructed plume is the very thing for

trimming. The girl in the picture evidently came of a very good family, indeed, for she had two to trim a simple shape of white straw with very little brim and a crown that served as a convenient prop for her

the front of the hat and the other rose, cascade fashion, from the left side to droop slightly to the northeast.

One formed a bulwark about

Seen in the Markets

D LACKBERRIES are going down with a decided thump. Only a few days ago they brought 30 penuts a quart.
Now 18 cents is considered quite a
high price. There are even some
enterprising dealers who have put
them near the strawberries, at 11

It would be an unusual buyer who would not be tempted to invest largely in strawberries this week, for they could scarcely be better. An exceptional grade of berry, almost too good to use for jam but ideal for preserving, sells for 10 cents a for preserving, sells for 10 tents a box. These berries are large, firm, and clean. The experienced maker of preserves knows that frequent washings not only soften fruit but flatten the flavor. So this last item is of no small importance when buying in quantity. It is also to be remembered that 1 opents a box is a retail price, and if a half dozen or more boxes are desired it is possible to buy much cheaper.

Large bunches of beets are 3 cents, two for 15. These are of medium size, and not too fibrous to be insigid.

White radishes are extremely cheap—three buches for 5 cents. These are, generally speaking, more peppery than the red variety.

Large Bermuda onlons are 10 cents a box. These boxes hold five

Red bell peppers are 10 cents a box. These boxes hold about the same number.

Small boxes of tomatoes are 10 cents. These are small and scarcely worth the trouble of peeling, though the flavor is excellent.

Telephone peas remain at the price that has held for the past few days—15 cents a quarter of a

Though more new potatoes are coming in all the time, there is little increase in size. Many are scarcely larger than marbles. Frim 2 to 15 cents a quarter of a peck is the average price.

A new lot of extra large Call-fornia cherries has been received. Both white and purple varieties are in the market, selling for 40 cents a pound. The white are of better flavor and seem more meaty.

Question Box

Question box: How may ink be removed from the skin?

H. W. R.

PUMICE STONE is perhaps the most effective ink remover. Lemon juice is also widely favored as a skin bleach.

The Nature Lover.

I love the grass that in the spring Grows tall and thick as anything, some silly people call it "rough" Because they do not know enough.

And such a fellow is the dub
Who beats it with an iron club.
But ah! to me it is so dear
I would have nothing interefere
To check the jush grass in its growth—
And that explains my purple oath— To find my nasty golf-ball there Just makes me snort and dance and

I love the fine and yielding sand
That makes the ocean's level strand.
It brings me memories of the joy
I knew when I was but a hoy.
Some men there be who do not care
For san'y bunkers anywhere,
But ah! to me 'tis joy to see
The sand in all its purity.
I do not mind a bit of shell
Or seawed in the sand, but—well,
To find my silly golf-ball there
Just makes me snort and dance and
swear.

I love the little purling brook.
That winds through many a ferny nook
And sparkles over sands of gold,
As Tennyson so sweetly told.
But some who can't a brook abide
Declare it far too deep or wide.
But ah! it is so dear to me
I do not ever care to see
Among its ripples things that seem
Far from becoming in a stream. Far from becoming in a stream— To find my golf-ball floating there Just makes me snort and dance and

swear.
-Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

It is no man's business if he has genius or not. Work he must, what ever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will always be the thing that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right.-Ruskin.

Mosquito Is Only Danger In Night Air

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

yOU'VE often heard maiden aunts -Billy Sunday speaks of them as "ladies-in-waiting"-call to their nieces, who are dressing for a lance: "Mary and Frances, you must bundle up. Don't wear your low-neck resses in this dangerous night air; and see that you wear your high shoes. Do you want to catch your deaths of cold?" As a matter of fact, all air at night is, of course, night air. If it is dangerous, you have to face it and breathe it through half your lives. But this belief in the danger of night air is only another of the many superstitions handed down from olden times. The air at night is purer than by day, for it contains less dirt and dust, and—in the cities—smaller amount of the car-bonic acid gas which fires and furnaces contribute to the air so largely by day. The fact is, that in many parts of the

world—those parts from which we get our civilization and many of our superstition-it is, in truth, very dangerous indeed to go out in the night air. People who thus expose themselves are apt to suffer from a very serious illness called malaria—a word which really means bad air. Therefore, in olden times, naturally enough, it was thought that the night and the darkness changed the air in some way so as to make it possenous. n some way so as to make it poisonous.

But now we know that malaria is due But now we know that malaria is due to a germ which is pushed into your bodies by a certain kind of mosquito when it bites. If the mosquito with her germ—for it is the she gnat that bites—does not bite you, then you do not get malaria. The mosquito's habit is to feed—this means to bite—at night only, and so it is the malarial mosquito that is the danger of night air.

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RECIPES

Strawberry Cream Pie.

Pastry. 1 cup of thick, sweet cream. Yolks of two eggs.

Sugar to taste.

Line a plate with pastry rolled very thin, fill with ri, e strawberries, adding sugar to sweeten, and bake quickly. Whip one cup of thick cream, add the yolks of two eggs, and sugar to taste, and whip until stiff. Pour over the cooled pie and serve very cold.

Fairy Pudding.

14 cups of strawberry juice. 1/2 cup of water.

14 cup of augar. ½ cup of sugar.

2 heaping tablespoons of cornstarch.
Beaten whites of two eggs.

To the strawberry juice add half a cup of water and put over the fire.
When boiling add sugar and the cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water.
Let boil until the starch is well cooked. Hemove from the fire and while still boiling hot beat in the egg whites. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Strawberry Ice.

1 pint of sugar. 1 quart of water. Juice of 1 lemon Boil the sugar and water until it drops like honey. Cool, add the lemon and strawberry juice. Put into freezer and when partly frozen add one cup of thick cream and finish freezing.

Strawberry Cockades.

1 cup of cream

1 cup of cream.

1/2 cup of strained honey.

1/2 cup of haif a lemon.

Halved berries.

Fill small glasses with the berries.

Mix the cream, honey, and lemon, and whip until stiff. Put a spoonful of cream over the berries in each cup, and sprinkle the top with freshly grated cocoanut.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt.-La Rochefoucauld.

HAD HEADACHE AS FAR BACK AS SHE **COULD REMEMBER**

Well-Known Lady of This City Gains Eight Pounds and Gets Over Old Troubles.

"As far back as I can remember I have suffered with headaches," said Mrs. Fannie Stephens, of 942 Florida ave., northwest, "but I haven't had miti one for two months now and I don't believe I'll have any more, for I've

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Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

speak the language of the group she attempts to teach; should use judg-ment, patience and general ability

in the delicate task of hone teaching; need not be a nurse or a domestic science teacher, but should know when to call either one when needed in a family; should not be too sentimental; should not give money, food or clothes except in extreme cases, and should not be easily discouraged.

discouraged.

The foreign women naturally are timid and difficult of approach, especially if they are poor. They do not understand the American ways, and very easily misunderstand good intentions.

grants and Mothers. Many States in the Union are in-

California Teaches Little Immi-

terested in the step California has taken in the field of educating the women and little children immigrants who come here, so as to make their lot easier and to raise their standard of living. This work, while not very old-having been made possi-ble by an act of the legislature of 1915—is being encouraged by the commission of immigration and

What They Say About Us

A teacher to take up this line must be especially fitted. She must be in excellent health, alert both physically and mentally; should have had experience in social work; should

Times Pattern Service

THIS smart little cover-all makes as direct and strong appeal as the dress, by reason of its neatly finished round or square neck in goods of solid color contrasting note, a trim-ming feature of the pockets and sleeve edges as well. The closing is at the back or front as prefer-The wind was fresh, rich with the spley red. Tie-strings draw in the back of the New England coast that tardlly fullness, the front fullness falling Escapes, late April, from an ley tomb.

The pattern, 762, is cut in sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 8 years requires 178 yards 36-inch material and 1/2 yard contrasting

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THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE.

Street and Number SIZE DESIRED.....City and State



the Methodist General Conference at Saratoga should vote for woman suf-frage. A conference which has women among its delegates, repre-senting a church in which women yote for church officers, could not vote for church officers, could not logically take any other ground. The fact that only six votes were cast against the resolution shows how rapidly this movement is extending among people conservative in regard to most matters.

When Frances E. Willard committed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to woman suffrage she accomplished a revolution. Many of perance Union to woman suffrage she accomplished a revolution. Many of the members of her organization had never taken part in any more public assembly than a church prayer meeting, and it had a considerable membership in the South, where 'the opposition to suffrage was and still is strong. Since that day the accretions to the suffrage cause have been the normal result of the more active life of women and of the great increase of women in industry, where they compete with men on even terms in everything except the right to vote. The minority of six in the Saratoga Conference shows that in one of the great religious denominations the opposition has become merely a shell.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Year Schools.

lief among Americans that the clos-ure of our public schools during July and August, generally also through nearly half of June and of Septemnearly half of June and of September, is an unjustifiable waste. It is felt that the monetary loss through having expensive plants idle so long imposes a needless burden on the taxpayers. It is realized that moral hurt to the children ensues, and that society suffers.

Teachers and pupils of course must have vacations. These are essential to their welfare and to the

best interests of education. They cannot and should not be harnessed to work all the year round. to work all the year round.

Newark. N. J., according to the National Bureau of Education, finds that all-year schools save time, reduce loafing on the streets and conserve health. The pupils of these schools express themselves enthusiastically in favor of the experiment. They declare that the schools are cooler than their homes and the streets. They were glad to have something to do. They gained a grade or two against the time when they should be old enough for the State to let them earn their living. Parents indorse the system for similar reasons, chief among which is the greater safety of the children.

In September, when the schools'

In September, when the schools' new year opens, less review is need-ed from children who have had two weeks of vacation than from those who have had two months. The muwho have had two months. The municipal medical inspectors report, that the health of children attending school all year is not at all impaired. Children out of school through July and August come back in September in poorer physical condition than those who stayed in school. Two important items, however, are ignored in the short report that the Spokesman-Review has received. They are how the teachers are supplied and what extra expense all-year schools impose upon the Newark taxpayers.—Spokane, Wash., Spokesman-Re-

Spokane, Wash., Spokesman-Re-

Newark's Experience With All-

There has long been growing be-

When she saith:

"Behold, I have put on the frock
which THOU admirest; and the hat
which thou approvest I wear always"

When she chideth thee concerning

KOEBLITZ

GRADUATION

CARR

ar!"—
When she asketh thine opinion concerning her new hat, and thine "advice" concerning the fit of her new golf coat—When she remarketh:
"How 'spiritually affiliated' are we!
For I. TOO, loathe cabarets, and prefer 'the-dinner-without-the-din!"—
When she seeketh to mix they saladdressing with her own hands, and insisteth upon seasoning thy spaghetti for thee— DRESSES